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Dedication

As in this world, so in this school,
We have the smart and low set;
To those whose noses face the sky
We dedicate this booklet.

And also to the ones who are
More humble in position;
We thank, and praise, and offer them
More edible nutrition.

To each's taste, the low's, the high's,
We give a palatable diet;
So open up the pages now,
And taste, and sip, and try it.

Kenneth Henry '38

The History of Bridge

by Willie Byron

During the late reign of James I, first of the Stuart line to rile England, Barnabus Patrick O'Bridge was born in a little hay-thatched bungalow in the suburbs of Hunkhew, Flumdumberlin County, Ireland. His father was Michael Aloysius O'Bridge, a parsnip merchant, who grew a variety of parsnip, now extinct, but then very popular as "Irish Greens". His mother was Maggie Murphy O'Dowd whose chief occupation in life was to pick and pepper Poppa's parsnips. Barnabus' early existence was spent in growing up, his youth passed regretting it, and he recahed middle age only after he had passed his young-manhood picking potatoes in the neighboring fields. When his mother died and his father went to Haiti to experiment with bananas, Barnabus, having been left an annuity, moved to London and passed his second childhood therein. Barnabus was a callow cynic. He soon developed a sneer-like sneer and for a while was content in mastering a complete line of sneers. However, Barnabus began to tire of slum society and suburbanity. Time dragged and his humdrum existence bored the caustic (but none-the-less subtle) cynic. Barnabus finally decided to adopt a hobby and to adopt one satisfying all the qualifications he set up as requisite. Herein, our hero came to an impasse. No conventional hobby was satisfactory, all demanded a surplus of attention and activity, and Barnabus couldn't even summon a mite of the above-mentioned. However, his inherent genius rose to a new peak. If he couldn't find a satisfactory hobby, he'd create one according to his own requirements. He now commenced to model a game along the lines of poker and fifty-two pick-up. The game thus concocted was called bridge after its founder and Barnabus soon became exceedingly proficient in it. We can lay this proficiency to the fact that Barny was well fitted to the game so well fitted to him. He bore a physique marvelously adapted to easy chairs, he could sit for hours blankly blinking, and he learned at an early age to blunder blindly and yet maintain an indifferent and nonchalant air. Barnabus' "Book of Rules and Requirements for the Successful Conduct of a Gayme of Brydge" was published in 1684 by the Scratch and Scrape Printing Company of London. The original copy still remains resting piece-fully in a plush case at the Hunkhew School of Higher Learnings, Hunkew, Flumdumberlin County, Ireland.

This novel and intriguing amusement was immediately taken up by the smug members of English society for economy's sake. For generations, groups had met and gossiped over coffee until this quaint little habit grew to a custom, and was religiously carried on by succeeding generations. But the present members of English society were

A number 1 gossipers and could ruin more reputations in five minutes that the ambitious English gentry could build in five generations. So far so good. But consider the ratio, a cup of coffee per ruined reputation, and, totalling the cups of coffee, you arrive at a staggering amount of liquid, disregarding sugar, cream, and crumpets. The English society, in short, was spending every cent of that vast amount of money it didn't possess merely to feed its gossipers a decent amount of spirited coffee. When they arrived at the point where they had no more of someone's money to spend they effected a reversal in fundamentals. At an emergnecy meeting of the "Society Board of Blah" the cognoscenti fixed a new ratio of five reputations per game of bridge. Hence, you can see how the term 'grand slam' came into being.

Barnabus Patrick was now famous, he was eventually knighted and died as Sir Barnabus Patrick O'Brydge, Earl of Humdrum, Founder of Brydge, and Protector of Parsnips. *Time Marches On!*

* * * * *

The seven years' war! Famine! Carnage! Desolation! And Frederick the Great reaches the pinnacle of fame as the inventor of the 'Finesse'. The 'Finesse' is a manoeuver wherein you have the ace and the Jack; your opponent on the right, the King; and your partner, the Queen. Upon peeking in his hand while he reaches for an olive you observe the set-up and lead your Jack. If he lays off with his King, fearing the ace (he doesn't cheat) he makes your Jack good. This piece of strategy laid the basis for Frederick's future political action.

* * * * *

The Marquis of Mock, Philipe de la Phloppe, is commissioned to buy land in the New World. He carries out his orders and buys New Jersey for a pack of pinochle cards and a pamphlet on auction whist from the Algonquins. The Algonquins perceive the hoax too late, but being good losers, decide to take a try at some high class philandering themselves. Thereupon, they invite the Seminole tribe up one afternoon for a bridge party and skin them out of house and home. But the Algonquins don't like alligators and the Seminoles don't like sugar-cane and the result is "King Philip's War". *Time Marches On!*

* * * * *

Napoleon is sweeping across Europe filling all nations with terror and leaving destruction in his path. On he roars, on to Waterloo. The inevitable meeting — the Iron Duke and the Little General! The ensuing battle, Napoleon's crushing defeat! And all because the Duke of Wellington had a psychological advantage! He had met Napoleon long before at a tea given by the latter at Versailles. During the course of the party, the Duke and his friend, the Earl of Letdown, had beaten Napoleon and Marshal Hey in three straight rubbers. Each time the rubber had depended on one play and each time the Duke had put over a psychic bid and sunk his opponents. This was the real cause of Napoleon's Waterloo.

* * * * *

Years later! Another terrible war — this time between hostile factions

of one nation. The Civil War caused, they say, by differences concerning slave states and free states, concerning slavery and abolition. But the real cause — aha! In the National Bridge Tourney of 1850, the first thirteen to place were Northern States' entrees. The Southern Bridge Association protested the Tourney and followings severed relations with the Northern faction. In retaliation, independent Northern bridge addicts raided Harper's Ferry and destroyed a large amount of bridge cards stored there. The war followed.

* * * * *

The inevitable let-down! Thousands of bridge-sick citizens searching for a Utopia for con-bridge-ers. The result was the migration to the West. What's an Indian compared to a garrulous Bridge player.

* * * * *

The sad period of cheap labor. Then relief for the poor worker! Unions, Federations of Unions! The mobilization of the laborers! And the start of the unions can honestly be laid to bridge. Conditions of bridge parties were such as to demand some sort of governing body. Some power was needed to regulate booby-prizes, to maintain law and order, and to outlaw professional players. So the Coalition of Bridge Players was formed, and from this coalition sprung the modern union. Indeed, the C. I. O. revolted against the A. F. of L. because of a difference of opinion concerning the psychological advantages of second-hand-low.

* * * * *

The Caponian era. Gangs and rackets! Years of futile attempts to jail the Big Shot. Then, success! Al Capone was sentenced to prison, confined to a small cell with a shyster lawyer who was up for five years. Capone goes through the nerve wracking period of monotony. He longs for his daily rubber. But two can't play bridge, at least, two couldn't until Capone invented "Honeymoon" bridge and played it every evening with his inmate.

* * * * *

Time passes. We reach the Culbertson era of Bridge, now an intricate game. For further reference, inquire of Culbertson.

"Gone With The Wind"

by Leonore Johnson '39

As he stood up, Joe felt suddenly alone. Tense, eager faces strained up at him, waiting for the crucial moment. He had waited a whole year for this event, yet now he felt suddenly weak, and inadequate, for what if he should fail? How would he ever hold his head up again? He could almost hear the taunting, sarcastic laughs which would be the result of a failure. Therefore, he stretched to his full height and bowed majestically.

"All-right," he said, "will you please dim the lights?"

The room, which had seemed so large before, seemed to hold only a sea of hostile, expectant faces. Silently, he wished, "Oh, let it be a success. Let me earn their respect, this once." He inhaled deeply, closed his eyes, and...whoof! It was over! All at once he heard a cheer, so fearfully, he glanced downward. At what he saw, his countenance lit up, and a smile crossed his face, for he had done it!

He had blown out *all* the candles on his birthday cake!

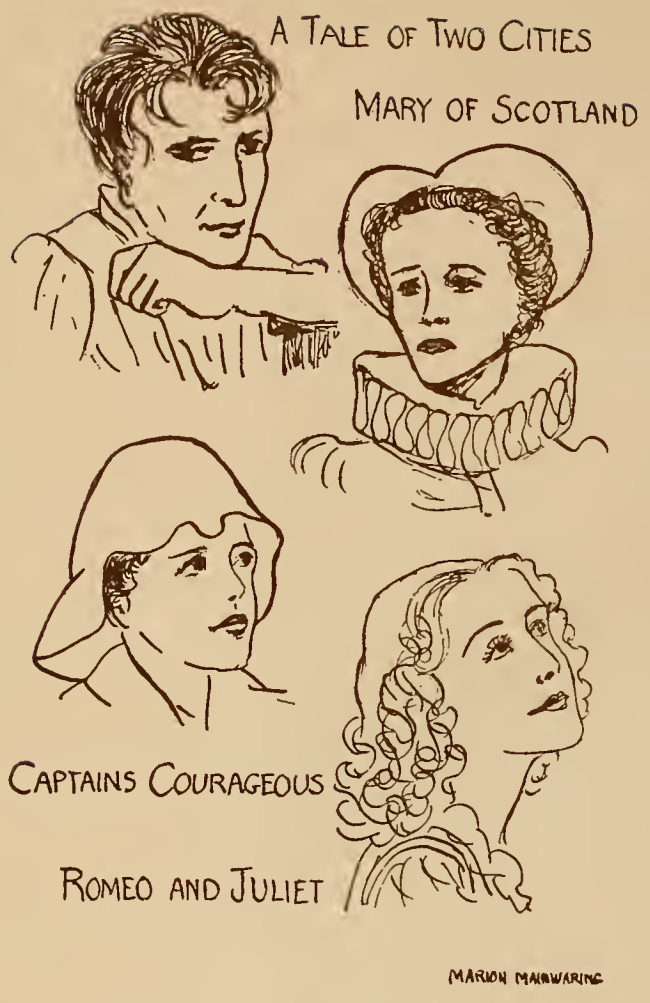
So You Go To The Movies

by Marion Mainwarning '39

Probably most of the pupils here at North go fairly often to the movies. Whether they realize it or not, a great many of the pictures they see have a definite effect upon their school work. In English, in science, in civics, in business subjects, in languages, in history, and in geography, in art and in music, we study things that we have seen brought to life on the screen; in the theatre, we see people and places of which we already know through our school subjects.

Science students could hardly fail to be inspired by *The Story of Louis Pasteur*, drawing students by *Rembrandt*, or music students by *Naughty Marietta*, *Show Boat*, or *Maytime*. Business students and civics students find continual references to their work in pictures of modern times. Pupils who take Latin are made to realize, in many pictures, how great and important a language it has been; pupils taking French or German see through the foreign films available that they are studying living languages spoken by millions every day.

The greatest contribution of the moving picture to the school, however, is undoubtedly in the fields of history and literature. In many cases the two are very closely linked, often inseparably so. For instance, the film *A Tale of Two Cities* not only has a colorful historical setting, but also forms either a preparation for, or a supplement to, the reading of the book. Many pictures, of course, are disappointments because they can scarcely be associated with the books from which they are drawn, but, more and more, movies are being made closer to their originals. It is not necessary, moreover, for a film to be historically accurate in every detail. If it recreates for the student the life, customs, and atmosphere of a certain epoch, it does well. Once it has aroused the pupil's interest in some particular subject, the subject itself will continue to interest him. Students can learn facts from textbooks, but they gain a more valuable knowledge if they can appreciate the human side of history, and very often motion pictures aid this appreciation. Librarians all over the country report that when such pictures as *So Red the Rose*, *The Good Earth*, *Mary of Scotland*, and *Captains Courageous* are playing locally, the



use of books pertaining to their various subjects, both fiction and non-fiction, is greatly increased.

In some schools in the country, moving pictures are actually studied in class in connection with academical subjects. Whether this is practical or not, surely no one will deny that the influence of the better motion pictures is to interest pupils in school work more, to increase their outside reading, and thus further their cultural background.

Hats

by Jean Finlay '42

Oh, why do women wear such things,
Such silly and fantastic things,
Upon their heads and over curls
That sweep around in crazy swirls.

Where do they get their inspiration
To make the headgear for a nation?
From dishpans and from stove pipe parts
And all the stock of vegetable carts.

Oh, some are large, and some are small,
Obnoxious brims or none at all,
And some with crowns that are not there
To show the lady's lovely hair.

They're trimmed with flow'rs of every hue
And fur and feathers and ribbons, too.
The colors and the shapes would both
Scare you out of ten years' growth.

One year a basket upside down
Adorns milady's curl-decked crown,
The next a box that's mashed down flat
The women call a gorgeous hat.

It's papa who pays the prices high
And fishes his pockets with a sigh
To pay for bits of felt and lace
To top each female's charming face.

The Case Of The Missing Stamps

by Willie Byron and Sam Snickerchuck

It was a festive day, a day welcome to students and a day provoking pride in teachers. It was THE day for South Oshkosh High School and all those connected with it. To explain, it was the day celebrating the anniversary of the donation of a valuable stamp collection to South Oshkosh High School by Jasper J. Jones, millionaire philanthropist, cork-screw king, and most important of Plush County personages. The opening ceremonies were well under way. The vast auditorium was overflowing with nodding students, the stage cluttered with guests and speakers, the whole functioning under the benign regard of the one and only Jasper J. Jones. The presiding officer, headmaster George Hightone, had just concluded a lengthy exposition and was trilling forth the usual introduction for the first speaker of the day. The number one orator on the list was none other than Miss Aphjenia Heppy-button, teacher of Trochosopherical Motives and Reactions, Course I, who was also to unveil the draped object at the center of the stage and reveal the famed collection. Headmaster Hightone, reaching the peak of his dramatic build-up, majestically swung toward the left wing, and summoning his four-feet-five of sinew and non-sinew into one most dignified pose, he finished.

"....I hereby introduce a well known member of our own faculty, our first speaker, Miss Heppy-button!"

A smattering of applause welcomed the conclusion of his speech and resignedly accepted the next. Mr. George Phineas Hightone wheeled to his place beside Jasper J. Jones and surrendered the speaking platform to Miss Heppy-button. And as for Miss Heppy-button, wherever she was, she was beyond striking distance of the rostra. Silence reigned, no speaker appeared — Mr. Hightone fidgeted nervously, a mounting color suffused his wizened face. A titter spread through the student body, climaxing itself in a raucous laugh. The honorable J. J. Jones produced an awesome frown. The hitherto smooth-running ceremony had struck a snag.

Mr. Hightone writhed with tormenting humiliation. In desperation, he arose, and although a self-averred master of any situation, found this problem most perplexing. He muttered a few inaudible words which ended in a cough, ignominiously and blindly started toward the hooded collection, pulled the cord, and revealed — an empty receptacle! A spontaneous laugh swelled from the crowded assemblage and mounted to a passion of uncontrolled mirth. Jasper J. Jones was on his feet, bewildered, confused. The dominating Mr. Hightone provided a most pitiable spectacle. The other guests arose hastily, some simply standing open-mouthed, others fading thankfully behind the wings. Some practical and kindly soul had presence of mind enough to pull the curtains and bring an end to the dismal scene. But the laughter rolled on, waxing long and loud.

The patter of rain reached the ears

of the befuddled Mr. Hightone through the large window opening on the spacious lawns. He watched the clouds piling up in the east and shuddered at the apt simile it suggested. So fair a day to be so spoiled, so joyous an occasion to end in such a shocking fashion. It was unbelievable, he mused, to realize that such a thing could happen. Miss Heppy-button missing! He had called her home which she shared with her sister only to learn she had not returned there the night before! Miss Heppy-button who had never been known to be absent during the last five years! His reverie was disrupted by a sharp rap on the office door. His new secretary, the engaging Miss Goldgraft, appeared.

"Are...are you ready for the meeting, Mr. Hightone?" she queried.

"Er...why yes, Miss Goldgraft, yes," he muttered. "Send the investigators in."

"And Mr. Jones?"

"Why, Mr. Jones...of course... Mr. Jones. He has every right to attend. Send him right in! And tell Mr. Hamfatt to come in, also. But ...Miss Goldgraft...no reporters! no reporters — by any means. Get rid of 'em, tell 'em it is only a matter of...well...er...hmm. That's all, Miss Goldgraft."

Thereupon, Mr. Hightone, the flower of his social circle, hurried to his desk, struck a pose of indifference and aloofness made perfect by constant practice, and waited.

The first to enter was none other than the agitated J. J. amidst flying coat tails, cane, tie, gloves, hat, and such, all of which comprises a most important factor in your impression of Jasper Jones — a self-made man — which accounts for a lot of things.

The equally as flustered submaster, Horace Hamfatt, followed, consisting mainly of one (1) paunch, one (1) florid face of sagging construction, and one (1) pair of most spindly and inadequate legs.

And now the investigators, the typical poker-face one-look-and-its-solved Philo Vances of Oshkosh, Detective-sergeant Ponchi who attained national fame for his part in Askwhitch Case and his stooge and counter-part, Joseph Mulligan, one of those big, silent specimens of American manhood. Only Mr. Mulligan wasn't big, nor was he silent, for that matter, but otherwise the description fits him like a glove.

Having effected their usual graceful entrance, the pair collapsed in the remaining chairs (which didn't remain long) and glowered with all possible glow.

Headmaster Hightone, feeling the urge of the moment, began.

"Gentlemen, I'm sure you feel as I do! That such a thing should happen, could happen in my school will ever be my cross to bear."

Quite a figure that cross to bear — yessir — lettem see how a *man* responds to situations like this, mused Mr. Hightone, and continued.

"For the sake of the fair name of our school, I urge and ardently hope for immediate apprehension and you can rely on Mr. Hamfatt and myself for all possible cooperation."

"All possible cooperation...anytime...we urge it...yessiree...anytime...fair name of our school, y'know...dear me."

And Mr. Hamfatt subsided beneath his superior's regal frown.

Whereupon, the active brain of Detective-Sergeant Ponchi went into high-geared function.

"Motive..." he muttered, "Motive ...most important! Mr. Hightone, may I see the school ledgers...may prove helpful."

"Why, our books for this year wouldn't help much. But, those of last year are filed in the attic-storeroom. I'll have those brought down."

And Mr. Hightone pressed the button which summoned Miss Goldgraft from the outer office.

It was a pale Miss Goldgraft who answered his insistent summoning. To all appearances, Miss Goldgraft was a very ill young woman, but Mr. Hightone's quick glance observed none of this.

"Miss Goldgraft," he snapped, "will you tell the janitor to bring last year's ledgers from the attic storeroom."

"Yes, Miss Goldgraft," repeated the irrepressible Hamfatt. "The ledgers...janitor...most h e l p f u l, most helpful, don't y'see....up in the attic...on the top, y'know...hurry now...what's keeping you?"

Miss Goldgraft returned to the outer office to face a veritable storm of questions from the hard-bitten reporters of Oshkosh's several newspapers. Ignoring these, she summoned a janitor from the corridor without who dropped his idle broom and entered the office.

"Go to the...the attic storeroom and bring down last year's ledgers," she told him and leaving her subordinate in charge, she excused herself and headed after the departing janitor.

* * * *

Joseph Mulligan had averred (altho' only to most discreet souls) that he was the integrating force of the Ponchi-Mulligan combine. Therefore, it was most fitting that he should take this opportunity to prove it. Sending one of his most knowing leers in the general direction of the lilting Ponchi, he spoke with what he considered subtle emphasis.

"Boss, dontcha think we oughta leave this 'till later. We got the lay of the land, now, and all we gotta do is give it a little thought. Besides, we're due at the commish's in fifteen minutes."

Guiseppe Ponchi, the occidental Charlie Chan, rose languidly (he was capable of no other tempo) and directing an apologetic glance at the fast-expiring lion of Oshkosh, he stumbled merrily out of the office followed by Mrs. Mulligan's pillar of justice, Joseph, who departed with a curt nothing about telling the janitor to never mind.

The investigators gone, Mr. Hightone turned wearily to the row of buttons, pressed that of Miss Goldgraft for the nth time, arose, and stood staring stupidly through rain-blurred windows.

Outside, young Miss Kratz, the office stenographer, heard the bell ringing for Miss Goldgraft and since the latter was out answered the summons herself.

In reply to the wilted principal's half-hearted queries for Miss Goldgraft, she told him of the secretary's departure after Mr. Scrubbard, the janitor.

"Oh yes, the janitor,...well, tell her to delay the order. There's no need of the ledgers until later. That's all."

Upon returning to the outer office, Miss Kratz came upon the secretary just returning. She marked her

superior's untidy appearance and mussed hair and contrasted it to her own natty attire. She noticed also that the secretary had the ledger with her.

"No need of those, now," she said, "The investigators have left. Mr. Hightone is alone with Mr. Hamfatt and Mr. Jones."

Miss Goldgraft seemed visibly relieved and dropping the ledgers on her desk departed once more as hurriedly as before.

What strange behavior, mused Miss Kratz and then dismissing the thought from her mind, turned to the remaining reporters who had not followed the investigators out.

* * * *

The impatiently awaited Ponchi and company did not return till late afternoon and burst suddenly in on the suppressed atmosphere of the outer office. Approaching Miss Goldgraft who was busying herself preparing notices for the broadcast, the junior member, who usually attended to such boresome details, announced himself and followed the already disappearing Mr. Ponchi into the office all the while making a mental note of Miss Goldgraft's possibilities.

Does he suspect Miss Goldgraft? —you say. Oh no — Mr. Mulligan was far too dull an individual — or perhaps far too nice a man — to attend to business during business hours. He noticed Miss Goldgraft's possibilities, not as a suspect, but as a future Mrs. Mulligan and it has been to dear Joseph's everlasting thankfulness he never opined this openly.

As he crossed the office threshold, his shapeless ears ran into a staccato outburst that even the loquacious Mrs. Mulligan had never matched in those days when she was loved for stew and feared for her tongue. The producer of the unintelligible harangue was the much mustachioed Jasper and, the reason for it, from what the disturbed Mr. Ponchi could gather, was the loss of the famed collection.

However, J. J. was not destined to attain the peak (if any) of his verbal bombardment. Miss Goldgraft once more appeared this time, in her official capacity as office secretary.

"The notices, Mr. Hightone," she remarked. "It's time for your daily broadcast." As she spoke, she handed the principal a typewritten sheet.

"The notices...eh. Well, gentlemen...the school must go on! You will excuse me?" He arose and went to the outer office to broadcast. Mr. Hightone had often pictured himself undergoing a trying situation with flying colors. Here was his chance to show the staff just how a MAN re-acted in such cases. He nonchalantly approached the microphone, glanced at his sheet and noticed that there were a few student speakers on the list.

"Miss Goldgraft," he called, "the students, first, please."

"William Williams isn't here," his secretary answered. "He was supposed to speak on the Honor Society meeting. Perhaps you'd better give his notice."

"I think I shall, Miss Goldgraft, I think I shall. You don't suppose he's disappeared, too, do you?"

(*to be continued*)

North Ends Successful Knitting Season

by Willie Byron

The North Quincy Knitting team has just completed a tough schedule and one that can be termed successful as they won two of seven matches. Coached by the veteran Mr. Howland, who teaches the hitch and stitch method, the team showed great possibilities as it was beaten severely in only one match, the meet with the powerful alumni team. Quoting Mr. Howland, "I had a grand bunch of boys. They tried hard and practiced hard. However, we were weak in fundamentals and the squad boasted no capable substitutes. Better luck, next year."

After a short period of practice, the team opened their "suicide" schedule with a pre-season match with the alumni. The Scarlet Seamsters presented the same line-up that appeared in all their meets. The line-up follows:

Bill Phinney, left stitch; Russ Hardy, right stitch; Jack DeVries, main seam; "Mike" Conroy, mitre; Ed Cameron, supporting suture; "Fargo" Walker, main mortise; "Fred" Cobban, missing stitch. The boys were game but were facing a veteran outfit, including such sterling crocheteurs as "72 a minute" Townes and "Lace-Curtains" Georgian. To make a long story short, the alumni walked off with the match. The score was 48 sweaters, 7 doilies, a set of curtains, and 3 tams to 11 sweaters, 4 doilies, and 4 tams.

A week of rigid practice under the watchful eyes of Coach Howland and Head Threadman Silvia brought about a complete reversal of form. In their second match, against Lowell Textile at Lowell, the hard-fighting thread-hashers from North Quincy produced 49 sweaters and a combination table-cloth and necktie to Lowell's 27 sweaters and 11 pairs of socks. The big gun of the Raider attack was Russ Hardy who dropped only one stitch during the whole match.

For their third meet of the season, North indulged in some match play. Each player was to knit 5 sweaters and the team which dropped the least number of stitches was to be declared the winner. The opposing team, Quincy Trade, dropped 3 less stitches, but one of their players, Yho Mo, used chopsticks instead of regulation interscholastic knitting needles and so, North won their second and final contest on a forfeit.

Two of our mainstays, Bill Phinney and "Fargo" Walger, were injured during the match, developing painful bone bruises as a result of using oversized knitting needles. Coach Howland replaced them with the reliable Bill Lessard and the up-and-coming Scratch McCutcheon. However, the loss of such mainstays proved all too damaging as the team dropped their next two matches to Weymouth and Milton respectively. The Milton match was protested because the Wealthy-Towners knit to waltz-time, completely disconcerting the Northern Needle-pushers. *Needleless* to say, the protest was disallowed.

It was a gloomy band of knitters that left for Providence the follow-

ing week for their first intersectional meet. The home team proved to be champions of Rhode Island and a little out of our class, but led by Captain-appointed Russ Hardy, the Pink Pin-Pliers gave their *awl*. But the more experienced opponents displayed a variety of trick stitches and retained their title by a large margin.

The closing meet was held at Quincy against the hitherto undefeated Quincy High and, led by Johnny Joyce who slings a mean half-hitch, the Indigo Knotters eked out a close decision when Fred Cobban, the missing stitch, forgot to be missed and finished what he had forgotten to begin. This constituted an infringement of rules, a foul was called, and Johnny Joyce converted with recklessness supreme to gain point, match and rubber.

However, from all indications, Coach Howland is grooming a sophomore team that'll keep you in stitches.

Below you see the N. Q. Knitting team pictured just as they posed for Wallie Watershot, staff photographer. Reading from left to right, we have Mike Conroy, dressed in the customary knitting frock, and wearing a pair of mittens knitted by himself. Standing beside him is Coach "Gloomy Grafton" Howland, undoubtedly advising Mike on some of the finer points. Next is "Fargo" Walker in practice suit, and Fred Cobban, the missing stitch, probably soliciting for maintenance of his ball club. In the center, we have Captain Russ Hardy wearing the School Knitting uniform, apron and all. The bonneted figure on the right of Russ, is Bill Phinney, called in from football practice to pose for the picture. On his right stands Head Threadman Sylvia, wearing the hood-jacket presented to him by his affectionate charges. At his feet lies the team thread bucket with the red "N". Continuing we have "Jack" DeVries, in team uniform and "Ed" Cameron wearing his wrestling equipment. "Jack" is displaying the sock he knitted during the Milton match.

In the background may be seen two pennants knitted by Mike Conroy and "Ed" Cameron. Mike's spelling is not so good, as is exemplified by pennant No. 2.

Northern Exposures

Hark!! Mr. and Missus America, and all you little dirt-diggers. Let's go to press. FLASH!

What guy from Hyde Park comes to Squantum to see Vivian Batstone? And what guy from Wollaston burns when he does come?

It must be Old Home Week because we just saw Barbara Munro and Jim Wells together again.

How does Normie Ayers spell Rupprecht? R-O-W-E-L-L?

Flash! Which of the Dionne Quintuplets is that way about Baby LeRoy?

What's the score between Peg Connors and dePourtales?

Who is Connie Dennison's big cross-country track star? You guess.

Is Sonny Ela taking up Janet Cheney's spare time? You bet.

What is Bicknell Hall's favorite color? And her first name is Nancy.

A bit of new material has been discovered for the senior class play. Bob Bowlby as a Spanish Romeo.

And who are some of these women that Mr. French takes pictures of?

For a bit of excitement watch Phinney and Jago do the "Big Apple".

What's the latest on "Dubsy" Reilly, the bandit chaser?

What were thirteen fellows from North Quincy doing up in the Blue Hills the night before the Norwood game? They were in a big, old touring car, and as leaders we saw Dick Hourahan, Joe Goode, and Bob Simpson.

I wonder if Vi LeBlanc and Eddie Pleadwell are still like that or if there is trouble — like Bob Churchill?

Hey, Casanova Walker, how is Jean's big college man, Ronnie?

I wonder if it's the name that Dot Doane is interested in or Bill especially. But Dick Hourahan seems to be cramping his brother's style.

What does Cletus Buddenhagen know about Fords? From his co-incidental meetings on certain nights.

Elinor Forsyth is often seen with actions in an English class we thought he was a poet.

What English-Irish attraction has Bob Coleman got? It looked an awful lot like Jackie Fitzgerald.

Squantum invades Wollaston. Better yet— Harris and Finney.

Speaking of Finney, Waldo, who got blamed for knocking a young lady's hat off in the show one Sunday afternoon.

Kay Broderick seems to be the central attraction in Mr. Hofferty's English class?

Does Carl Williams always depend upon Mr. Gaige for his Saturday night dates?

It looks like Ross H. and Shirley W. have decided not to agree, but to disagree.

Has Mal Simmons anything in common with Connie Stuart except Bill Bevans. What happened to his brother Ralph, Babe?

Why is Hawco a P. G.? Maybe it's Oettenger. Why is Dan Sullivan a P. G.? If anybody knows please get in touch with some of his teachers.

On the bus from Sudbury there was a crowded back seat. What went on there, Ellen Oldham?

I wonder what Barbara Keith is

thinking of when she day dreams? Blush.

Who ever sees Bobbie Yutz and Jennie Hommel together? All you have to do is look.

Where did Abba Dabba Becker get his Jewish accent for a recent public address broadcast?

What did Harriet Matthews once call Bill Ryan before the Quincy game?

Who is this Reilly lad who has our friend Betty King running around in circles?

Bill Phinney may go for the ball with no fear, but when it's a girl, it's a different story, although Dot Doane is managing him nicely.

Query — What is the most popular game among football players? Just go to their parties and you'll find out.

So long — we'll see you in March.

Only One in Ours

An oyster met an oyster
And there were oysters two;
Two oysters met two oysters,
And they were oysters too;
Four oysters met a pint of milk,
And they were oyster stew.

* * * * *

Letter to Teacher

"Dear Miss - - - - - - - ;

Kindly excuse Dan's absence yesterday. He fell in the mud. By doing the same, you will greatly oblige me.

Yours truly,
Mrs. - - - - -

Counter Chat — a la Ed Wynn

"I want some consecrated lye."

"You mean concentrated lye."

"It does nutmeg any difference. That's what I camphor. What does it sulphur?"

"Fifteen cents. I never cinnamon with so much wit."

"Yet ammonia a novice at it."

* * * * *

Science vs. Grammar

Teacher: "Of what does quartz consist?"

Bright Pupil: "Two pints." (to himself) "You'd think she'd use better grammar!"

L' HIVER S'APPROCHE

À présent les feuilles dansent
Quand vers elles le vent avance,
Bientôt la neige rend immobile
Tout le pays qui reste tranquille.

Les oiseaux vont loin du nord
Chercher un climat bien moins fort.
Quand ils échappent au grand froid,
Il ne reste rien dans le bois.

Helen Smith, 12-2

APRES L'ETE

L'été meurt, la cloche sonne
Annonçant la gaie automme.
La neige vient couvrir les feuilles,
Les arbres portent donc le deuil.

Dorothy Schrader, 12-1

LA PARTIE [1] DE LA SAISON

Le bleu! le rouge! ils sont partout. C'est le jour où l'équipe [2] de North Quincy joue contre celle de Quincy. Toute une foule est là sur le terrain. [3] Tout est agité, enfiévré. Il y a beaucoup de bruit et beaucoup de mouvement. Tout le monde attend avec impatience.

Un sifflet. Le jeu commence. Tantôt une équipe a l'avantage, tantôt l'autre l'a. Alors on entend un grand bruit et des applaudissements d'un côté du terrain. Puis un plue haut cri, et encore des acclamations de l'autre côté (North Quincy). Mais enfin le sifflet sonne encore une fois. C'est la fin. Le grand combat de la saison est passé. . Le résultat est 0 — 0. Ni l'un ni l'autre n'a gagné, mais pour cette raison tous les deux camps [4] sont contents. La foule part au comble d'une joie formidable et un tohu-bohu indescriptible règne.

C'était une partie superbe et magnifique, celle-là!

1. *Partie* — game, match.
2. *Equipe* — team.
3. *Terrain* — field.
4. *Camp* — side.

James Shields, 12-2

D'UN CORRESPONDANT FRANÇAIS

J'ai reçu une lettre très intéressante d'un correspondant en France qui est allé à Paris pour passer la fête nationale, le quatorze juillet.

Cette fête française se célèbre comme notre fête du quatre juillet. Il y avait une grande célébration à Paris cette année-ci. Pendant une heure et demie, plus de mille tanks ont défilé avec un bruit de tonnerre devant des millions de personnes jusqu'à la porte de l'Exposition. L'armée a ensuite défilé. D'abord, se marchait a grands pas l'infanterie, composée de six régiments. Puis, les troupes de la marine se sont passées avec leurs canons. La cavalerie, légère et souple, a suivi la marine. Après, des voitures dans lesquelles étaient des officiers, des fonctionnaires, et le président Lebrun, ont fait partie du cortège qui passait au milieu de beaucoup d'acclamations.

* * * *

Cette lettre d'une personne en France m'a donné beaucoup d'idées des gens et des coutumes dans un autre pays. Je pense qu'il est à la fois agréable et instructif d'avoir quelque correspondant qui peut me mettre au courant des événements dans son pays, et j'espère qu'autant d'élèves que possible seront à même d'éprouver le plaisir que j'éprouve en recevant une lettre d'un pays étranger.

Mary Margaret Fullerton, 12-2

L'INFLUENCE DE LA FRANCE SUR LA VIE AMÉRICAINE

Les gens de France sont bien liés avec les gens des États-Unis. Beaucoup d'endroits americains ont des noms français comme, Louisiana, St. Louis, New Orleans, et Lake Champlain. Même aujourd'hui on entend parler la langue français, dans les villes de Saint-Louis et de La Nouvelle Orléans.

La France a joué un rôle dans notre histoire. Elle nous a donné du secours quand Lafayette est venu ici pour aider Washington. Plus tard les gens de France nous ont donné la Statue de la Liberté.

De nos jours, la France a une influence sur notre vie américaine en: la science, l'art, la décoration et les meubles, l'éducation, la littérature, le theâtre et le cinéma, la musique, la cuisine, les manières, et la mode.

Il ne fallait pas que nos soldats soient alliés avec les soldats français pendant la Grande Guerre pour nous rappeler la France, parce que par de nombreuses façons l'Amérique est bien liée avec ce pays-là.

Charles Crowell, 11-1

LE FRANÇAIS EMBARRASSÉ

Un Francais visitait les États-Unis pour la première fois, et il tâchait d'apprendre l'anglais. Il ne pouvait pas prononcer ces mots difficiles, 'through", "plough", "though", "rough", parce que l'on les prononce autrement que l'on les écrit. Enfin il a appris comment prononcer les mots anglais, mais il était étonné un jour quand il a vu sur un écriteau devant un cinéma les mots: "Cavalcade, Pronounced Success". Le pauvre Français s'est decidé à retourner à la belle France et à renoncer à la tâche d'apprendre l'anglais.

Translated from an anecdote in Christopher Morley's *Reasons of My Own.*

Robert Martell, 11-1

LE BIENFAIT DE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Quand Benjamin Franklin était en France, il a reçu une lettre d'un compatriote qui était aussi en France et qui avait besoin de finance. Cet homme a demandé de l'argent à Benjamin Franklin parce qu'il en avait besoin pour retourner en Amérique.

Franklin a envoyé dix louis (à peu près cinquante dollars) à l'homme, en lui disant qu'il ne le lui donnait pas comme cadeau, mais seulement qu'il le lui prêtait. Franklin lui a donné le conseil de s'établir dans sa patrie et de donner la même somme d'argent à un autre honnête homme qui en aurait besoin plus tard. Cet homme-ci devait faire la même chose en prêtant de l'argent à un autre homme, et ainsi de suite. De la sorte, aucun ne payerait l'emprunt, et au lieu de rendre l'argent, il le prêterait à quelqu'un moins heureux que lui même.

Franklin a écrit, "Je ne suis pas assez riche de faire grand chose; je dois donc employer cette méthode pour faire le plus grand bien avec un peu d'argent."

Marjorie Ready, 12-1

LE RUSE DE RABELAIS

Rabelais, le grand écrivain français qui vivait de 1490 à 1553, a visité Rome une fois et s'est trouvé sans assez d'argent pour retourner à son pays natal. De façon ou d'autre, il est parvenu à arriver à Lyons, mais ici il ne lui en restait plus rien. Alors il pensait aux moyens de voyager plus loin, même à Paris.

Après avoir bien soupé à une auberge, il a loué une chambre pour la nuit. Il a dit à l'hôte que bien qu'il soit mal mis et qu'il n'ait pas de voiture, il le payerait bien. Alors il a rempli plusieurs petits sacs de pierres, et il allait chercher les services d'un garçon qui pouvait écrire.

Un jeune homme s'est présenté qui a écrit les écriteaux suivants sous la dictée de Rabelais, "Poison pour faire périr le Roi" et "Poison pour faire périr la Reine."

Rabelais a attaché les écriteaux aux sacs, a demandé au garcon de tenir secret ce qu'il avait fait, et s'est retiré pour attendre les résultats qui ne tardaient pas à venir.

Naturellment, le garçon ne pouvait pas s'empêcher de parler de la menace contre le Roi et la Reine. Les gendarmes ont bientôt envahi l'auberge et ont arrêté l'écrivain; et ils ont fini par saisir les sacs.

Tout de suite Rabelais a demandé d'etre pris devant le Roi. Comme prisonnier, on lui a donné à manger, et puis les gendarmes l'ont conduit à Versailles.

Là on a reconnu l'écrivain fameux et célèbre, et au milieu d'un amusement général, de gros rires ont éclaté dans la cour quand on a appris le projet ingénieux de Rabelais de rentrer chez lui aux frais du roi.

Louise Oliver, 12-1

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LE TOUR DE FRANCE

Il y a chaque année en France une grande course à bicyclette qui s'appelle le Tour de France. Cette course a lieu en juillet et en août et dure environ vingt jours. La distance parcourue est de 4.416 kilomètres. Les concurrents viennent de tous les pays, mais un Français, Roger Lapebie, a remporté le prix de dix mille dollars l'été dernier.

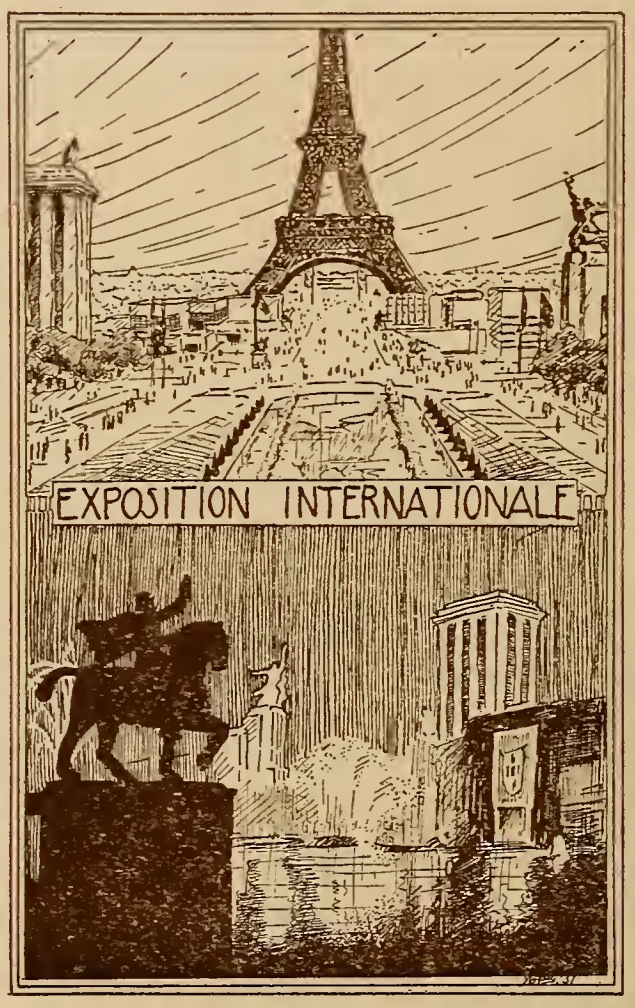
En France, le Tour de France est un des événements les plus populaires de l'année. Pendant la durée de la course, les journaux publient chaque jour les progrès des cyclistes; et aux cinémas on tourne des films qui démontrent comment les individus entrent en rivalité avec les autres concurrents.

Tous les Francais s'intéressent à ce sport, et parce que ces courses offrent tant de divertissement, peut-être un de ces jours qu'on organisera des pareilles courses aux États-Unis.

William Cameron, 12-1

Miss Webstersmith Speaks

The International Exposition in Paris has attracted world-wide interest recently. The purpose of the Exposition is to show artistic, industrial, and scientific progress in a democratic way. One of our French teachers, Miss Webstersmith, visited the Exposition while in France this summer. Miss Webstersmith believes that the highlights of the Exposition were the Pavilions of forty-two nations, especially the Russian building; the Regional and Colonial Centers, representing the different French departments and colonies; the "Centre des Arts Appliqués", with its gorgeous tapestries and jewels; the Pavilion of Elegance, showing luxurious furs and chic styles; the "Palais de la Découvertes", which shows modern scientific marvels; and the "Parc des Attractions", like our amusement parks on a very large scale; and the water trip, at night, between the beautiful buildings, with a cosmopolitan crowd on either side of the waterway. At night, the Exposition grounds were lighted with lights that, synchronized with organs, changed color with the changing notes of music. "The visit to the Exposition," said Miss Webstersmith — and doubtless all who saw the project will agree — "leaves an impression of magnificence, an unforgettable memory, of a trip delightful, inspirational, and so unique it hardly seems real."



The Valkyrie

by Marie Kelley '42

The Valkyrie are riding wild again!
Riding wild on the wings of the storm.
They are looking for heroes to join in the fight
That Odin will hold in the dawn.

Their wind-tossed hair is as black as night,
Deep blue are their flashing eyes.
Out of the gloom shines their armor bright
As their horses race through the skies.

And Odin comes down from his throne on high,
While Asgard's great gates are thrown wide;
Valhalla's gold halls are filled once again,
For the Valkyr have returned from their ride.

The Wind

by Ruth Richmond '43

The wind is just a pack of air,
That shows off all the day.
It bothers people as they work,
And bothers them at play.

It tosses everything it can,
And carries them somewhere;
It plays with fall leaves all the day,
And never has a care.

It merrily goes on its way,
Through China and through France,
O'er deep blue seas and over land,
It does its merry dance.

The Rise and Fall of A Loaf of Cake

by Rita McFarland '41

One bright sunny afternoon that was to go down in household history, I, in a moment of inspired genius, decided to make a cake. This was a major operation.

When I voiced my intention to my mother, she, in the deflating way mothers have, said, "Do as you wish, but you can't waste my good eggs. You will have to buy some cooking eggs."

So I hopped upon "Slow Motion" (my bicycle to you) and raced to the corner store. As I was riding home, though it would be more nearly correct to say bouncing home, I noticed that my basket and the bag containing the eggs and a can of corn were getting very yellow and wet. It didn't take over ten guesses to know what had happened. The storeman must have been the "missing link" to put a can of corn on a dozen of eggs. Oh, well! what was a dozen of eggs in my young life. I soon found out.

I finally used the eggs, (the good ones) my mother had. Well I beat, and I sifted and I stirred and I mixed and finally the masterpiece was in the oven. I looked at it in ten minutes' time, and it was coming along beautifully.

Then came the supreme moment when the cake was supposed to be done; ah, after all my trials and tribulations, now the reward in a large, fragrant, golden, brown cake. I opened the oven door! Where.... where....was my cake? It...it... just wasn't; that's all. I looked in the pan. If it had sunk much lower, it would have gone below sea level. The sinking may have been caused by the oven, or it may have been the fact that my brother dropped his roller skates in the middle of the floor; it may have been anything, but — the first lesson to learn in cooking, *it's never the cook.*

Attending A Canadian School

by Bette Sweetser '39

Undoubtedly each of us taking the college course enjoys believing that he is over-worked and under-graded. Although I too cherish that same belief, my thoughts often wander to those unfortunate, yet still fortunate, souls who must obtain their education in Canada. For four years I shared their plight, but must confess that I received a background which I shall not soon lose.

Children in grammar schools there learn much of the material taught in the seventh grades here. For instance, in the Ottawa Public Schools a girl takes sewing from the third grade through to the seventh, and a boy is instructed in wood-working through these same five years. Cooking is taught to girls for three years, in the fifth, sixth and seventh grades. The homework in these early grades, though not particularly difficult, takes about an hour and a half each night. The subjects in which it is given are usually arithmetic, spelling, history, and geography.

When a pupil reaches the seventh grade, he usually takes Entrance Exams to enter collegiate, which is equivalent to our high school. However, if he has received a numerical average of eighty per cent in his seventh year, he enters on a recommendation, and is not required to take the Entrance Exams.

Class standing, rather than a place on High Honor or Honor Roll, is given. Report cards come out every month, and in accordance with a pupil's grades, he is given a class standing. The pupil receiving the highest marks stands first, the one receiving the next highest stands second, and so on.

In collegiate there are five forms, corresponding to our eighth, ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth grades. Although the subjects, with the exception of Canadian and English History, are practically the same, the marking is exceedingly harder. However, this condition is somewhat balanced by the fact that the passing mark is fifty whereas ours is sixty-five. The work is such that a student who gets anything between seventy and an eighty per cent is doing very well. Only the exceptional pupils receive higher grades.

Not only is more homework given there than here, but also the school day is longer. The students attend classes from nine in the morning until four in the afternoon with about an hour taken out for lunch.

So, if you consider yourself rather mistreated, when, after a weary day of classes, you find yourself seated in detention for some apparently minor offense, remember that your Canadian high school neighbor has not yet finished his last *class*. And when you are finally on your way home, remember that he has still another half hour to go, and oh, how that last half hour drags!

My Impressions Of New York

by Marilyn Sullivan '41

Prelude: Last summer I made a short visit to New York. I will endeavor to convey my impression of this vast metropolis.

Our hotel: Hurrying business men and women to whom this city of miracles is a common, everyday occurrence; visitors from all walks of life moving slowly, trying to see everything, hardly believing they are really in the largest city in the world; incessant chatter rising at times to a high pitch, then dropping much in the same manner as the waves on a seashore; halls silent, quiet, mysterious, hardly a person in sight, deep cushioned rugs.

Streets: Hurry, hurry, hurry is the byword here day or night; crowds rushing, taxis, screeching horns, speeding cars; the roar of the elevated overhead; sharp report of an officer's whistle, lone man in that sea of mechanical movement.

Broadway: The famous, glamorous, romantic White Way of a million tales and songs is just a street with an endless row of theatres; some large and pretentious with headliners in the entertainment world advertised; others dingy, shabby, old with antiquated films; medium class cinema palaces showing foreign films or news reels exclusively — at night a parade of lights, all shapes, sizes, descriptions — outstanding, the Wrigley sign... all colors...a block long...flashing out the Spearmint man and gayly colored fish.

Times Square: Crowds, crowds, crowds; cars shooting in every direction; hurry, hurry, hurry...not a moment to spare.

Fifth Avenue: A procession of shops, lovely things to buy, how easy to spend a fortune here.

Wall Street: Who'd ever think fortunes were made and lost hourly here? Just a row of grey, grim buildings is all I see.

St. Patrick's Cathedral: A solemn, quiet, gigantic chapel...all the more majestic because of the bustle, noise, and confusion outside.

Empire State Building: A tall, grey building. Standing outside, you wonder if you'll ever be able to see the top; you begin to get a crick in your neck...then there it is.

Radio City: Murals on walls of ground floor — "To the roof, please," — "Next elevator, sir,"...up,up, up; open your mouth,

Joan, it doesn't affect your ears so much...up, up, up... chatter, then a sudden quiet...click...round the corner and next elevator...up again...up the stairs...here we are;...a magnificent sight, a view like one from an airplane...blue river, green parks, grey streets and buildings...a regular patchwork quilt; steaming up the river is what appears to be a toy boat some boy has set adrift...at second glance you see it is the Berengaria; in the distance the Statue of Liberty symbolizes the United States.

Rockefeller Plaza: Quiet — in the center a large, bronze, naked statue happily spouting water; French waiters; poor but expensive food; tables with umbrellas; curious passersby gazing down from the street level.

Chinatown — Pell Street: Silent, yellow faces gliding by the car window.

Orchard Street: The most crowded street in the world: peddlars with push-carts selling anything you can think of, a hub-bub of noise, housewives dickering, the shrill voice of a foreigner rising in native language, quarrels, every country represented daily here.

Greenwich Village: Washington Square: Old greystone houses exactly alike, remnants of a colorful past. In the failing daylight as the shadows deepen it is easy to imagine the gay nineties and the characters of that age in gay, holiday clothes entering and leaving. What grand stories these grim old fortresses could tell.

Skyscrapers: Tall, grey monsters....examples of man's mastery over the handicap of space, they make a city...shutting out the sunlight...turning the street into a dark, mysterious section...the top windows reflecting the sunlight seem to mock you by saying, "I'm bigger than you, greater than you. What if I should fall? Oh, scared you did I? Ha, ha, ha!"

Conclusion: My main impression of New York is that it is a city of contrasts: fashionably clad men and women; dirty, half-naked children; proud, clean apartment houses; dirty, squalid, crowded tenements; bustle, confusion, darkness of streets; trees, flowers, grass, sunlight, ponds of Central Park; bright lights of Broadway; darkness and silent mystery of Chinatown; the every-day people entering the automat almost next door to the wealthier class, dining in the Hotel Astor. Yes, New York is a city of Contrast.

Genius

by Kenneth Henry '38

Plebeian proleteriat, why must
  You shun and mock that wretched soul?
You fools, you know not what you may destroy;
  You think your cowardice quite drole.

Those eccentricities you see, that frame
  So loose, that slovenly attire
Are mere deceit. Mark well: behind
  Such walls the spark of genius kindles into fire.

Ode To A Classroom

by Dorothy Whiston '40

In boring classroom here I sit
With great intelligence my brain is lit.
If I sit here very much longer,
I'm sure the light must get much stronger.
I'm getting so brim full of knowledge
It will be foolish to go to college.
O' glorious Classroom I write to thee,
As long as I don't have to pay a tuition fee;
And when in years I'm old and gray,
Classroom dear I'll think and say,
What a lot I owe to you
Now that my days are almost through.

It's Nature

by Willie Byron

Birds and trees,
  boats and seas,
  hills and leas,
  lawyers and fees,
  golf-bugs and tees,
  gosh, darn, and gees,
  he-men and she's,
  padlocks and keys,
  elbows and knees,
  parsnips and peas,
  double-u and z's,
Ain't nature grand!

Football

by Becker

Climaxing a mediocre season by a tie with Quincy and a win over Weymouth another North Quincy High School football team passes on into the past and another season of thrill packed football goes down into the annals of sport.

MILTON SUCCUMBS TO SCARLET HORDE

Dedicating the new stadium in fine fashion and christening the resplendent scarlet uniforms, a new North Quincy eleven pushed an outclassed group of Wealthy Towners all over the turf of the North Quincy Athletic Field and pushed the ball over three times to score a 21 to 7 victory. Behind stellar line play and powerful blocking, "Big Bill" Moody, "Rambling Bill" Ryan, and "Dubsie" Reilly crossed the line into pay territory. "Bill" Phinney displayed his educated toe by splitting the cross bars with three placements. To make this a day of days for Bills, "Bill" Hanson, the fifth man in the oposing backfield, blocked a Milton kick to set up a score. After Coach Donahue had flooded the game with "subs", the boys in Maroon climaxed a brilliant pasing attack by scoring. A good beginning.

DEDHAM DOWNS RAIDERS

Displaying a brilliant pair of backs in Captain Lyman Avery and Paul Chisholm, a star-student, Dedham's eleven downed a bewildered and fumble-fingered Scarlet and Black eleven at Dedham. Capitalizing on all the breaks, fumbles, poor kicks, and injuries, the boys from the County seat showed a form that has carried them through nineteen straight games without a defeat. There is no more to be said about this game. Dedham 10 — North 0.

NORTH BATTERS BRAINTREE

Rising from the depths, an inspired Scarlet and Black eleven rode roughshod over a fighting Blue and White team from Braintree. Only by the booting of Fullback Murray Smith did the Wampatuckians keep a point mad quartet of backs from crossing the goal line again and again. A long pass to Gilday, a nice run by Reilly, and a line buck from Hanigan, accounted for the touchdowns, and a freak rush by Moody and a placement by Phinney added the extra points. The whole team showed flashes of Milton game stuff. North 20 — Braintree 0.

WEYMOUTH BOWS TO RED RAIDERS

After taking a bewildered Maroon and White aggregation by surprise, a top-notch North Quincy eleven scored on a Moody-Phinney pass, then played a marvelous defensive football for the next half, and managed to hold the slim sixpoint lead. A truly great eleven brought back a wonderful victory to Coach Donahue and North Quincy. North 6 — Weymouth 0.

NORWOOD TOPS NORTH

After three periods of wretched football characterized by fumbles and misplays, an undefeated team from Norwood threw a pass with a prayer to down a slow, weary, bewildered eleven in scarlet pants. After constantly knocking at the door to the goal line, a poor kick put the Raiders into a hole, which they never got out of. Norwood 6 — North 0.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

A repetition of the Norwood game gave a scrappy, but light team from Hingham a heart-breaking decision over a heavy-footed North Club. Like a baby in Times Square the weighty Northerners were at loss what to do on the field. Gaining at will, they pushed the Crononites all over the turf, but couldn't score. A last-minute pass scored for Hingham. Hingham 6 — North 2.

NORTH PUSHES QUINCY

A brand new, both physically and mentally, Scarlet-britched horde from the North end of the city fought a favored Quincy eleven to a scoreless deadlock. After taking all that Quincy could offer, the Raiders started to forge ahead. A disastrous fumble halted a drive that might have ended in victory. A brilliant goal-line stand mocked the day. A fighting North line held Quincy on North's one-half yard line. One finds it headed to pick a star so let's say there were eleven stars on the field all day. An interesting sideline to this game is the awarding of the football to the winning team. This time North's fighting Captain "Bill" Phinney, carried away the pigskin by virtue of the U. S. Mint i. e. the flip of a coin.

NORTH BEATS TAUNTON

Since the days of the Zoia regime, an eleven from North has found it hard to bring itself back to normal enough to beat Taunton, but this year it did, and in a fitting manner. "Bill" Phinney again led his mates to a 13 to 0 victory over the Tauntonians. Moody plunged over from scrimmage early in the first quarter to put the Raiders in front and then after keeping them constantly in a hole all afternoon, a Moody-Phinney bomb plus a four-yard smash by Phinney climaxed the North scoring for the day.

Cross Country

by Becker

Captained by Russ Hardy, the North Quincy High Hill and Dalers completed a successful season with 6 wins; 2 losses; and a sixth place in the New England Interscholastics. Starting off with a close loss to Brockton, the plodders downed Wellesley, Braintree, Milton, Chelsea, and Weymouth twice, then losing a two point dual run to Quincy 27 to 29 and climaxing the season with a sixth place — first among the teams on the South Shore. These boys helped keep the points low:

"Russ" Hardy (capt.)

"Fred Campbell	"Ed" Schofield
"By" Isbell	Warren Goodie
L. Terrio	"Ken" Simpson
J. Terrio	Paul Durup
"Dong" Dunn	"Andy" Erickson

New England Interscholastics

21 Durup
29 Dunn
41 Goodie
46 L. Terrio
73 Campbell
80 Erickson
100 Schofield

Pictures of the Quincy Game, the Football Team, and Cross-Country squad will appear in the Year Book. Look for them.

* * * * *

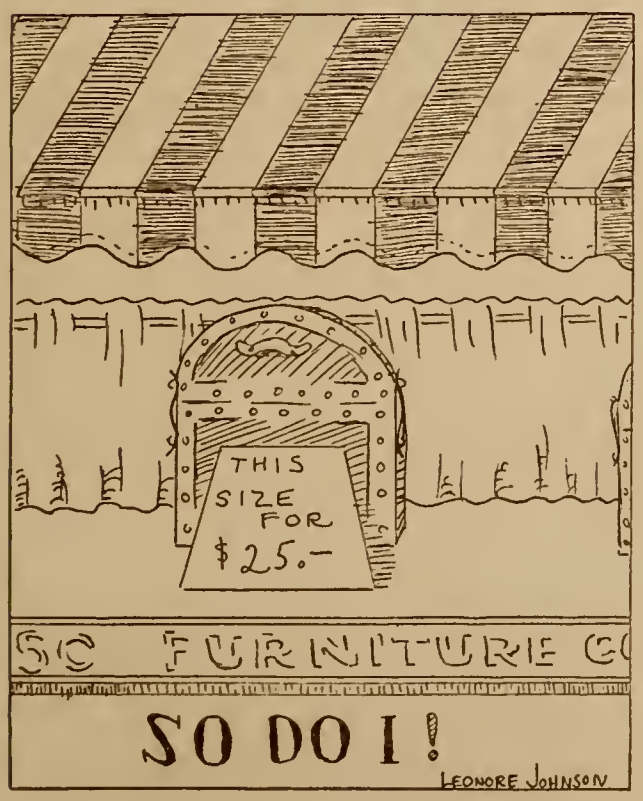
There was a young man of Bulgaria,
Who said to his girl he would marry her.
When it came time to be wed,
The young man, he was dead,
But he left her a little fox-terrier.

James N. Castle '43

"I GUESS THIS GLUE 'll KEEP WOLASKY BENCHED!!"

D. L. MANNING '37

The professor was forced to make an out of town visit, so he left the following notice on the bulletin board: "Professor Blacke will not be able to meet his classes today." Returning a few minutes later to get a forgotten umbrella, he discovered that some wag had rubbed out the "c" in "classes". He looked at the change thoughfully, and then rubbed out the "l", and walked away with a chuckle.



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First Day At North

by Muriel M. Chrystie '40

"Well, where do I go from here?"

Such was my thought as I entered the main door on my first day at North Quincy High. Timidly I approached a door labeled *Office*. From the numbers of pupils gathered there the popularity of this spot was evident, and overwhelming, to a new comer. Of course, one couldn't exactly expect to be alone, but....

A very nice young woman behind the seemingly miles long desk must have realized by the lost expression on my face that here was a person in trouble. Out of the distance came her friendly voice.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" Then, in answer to my stammering explanation, "What grade are you in?"

Grade? That was a new one to me. But a little thought enabled me to give an intelligent reply. Thereupon she gave me a note and told me whom I was to see. Rather feebly I inquired the whereabouts of the room to which she wanted me to go — and went. After that everything happened in such a rush that my recollections are still vague. One thing is clear. A strange girl took me from room to room without, or so it seemed to me, rhyme or reason. I couldn't (and still can't) understand why everybody sent me to somebody else. I felt as if everyone were watching me. Probably they were.

Finally the strange girl took me to my home-room teacher. By this time I was thoroughly lost. But, my home-room teacher! I looked up — and up — and up and finally saw his face gazing down at me from the clouds. A friendly face, it must be admitted. That is one good point about North Quincy High, everybody and everything is friendly.

I was shown about the building by still another girl. Eventually we went back to the Assistant Principal's office. He asked me numerous questions which I answered as best I could. Perhaps the answers were intelligent. Then, at long last, I was sent to a class room.

Despite my confusion the day was fairly successful. My only real mistake came during lunch. They told me to take the second lunch, whenever that was, and so we went to the Cafeteria, always an interesting place to me. The tempting odor of the soup lured me into taking a bowl. I handed a dime to the girl who collected money. She looked puzzled. Then she explained that it was necessary to have the right amount of change. Embarrassed? Those seconds stretched into hours.

Otherwise things went smoothly and I finally escaped from that monstrous building. For monstrous it is. The school from which I came averages about eight hundred and eighty pupils and thirty-five teachers.

* * * * *

Mary had a little lamb
Whose fleas were white as snow,
So where e'er the lambie went
The fleas were sure to go.

Cletus Buddenhagen '38

The identity of the young lady is withheld, but the memory of her answer lingers on with the instructor. One of the requirements of the written quiz was, "Define a bolt and nut, and explain the difference, if any." The girl wrote:

"A bolt is a thing like a stick of hard metal such as iron with a square bunch on one end and a lot of scratching wound around the other end. A nut is similar to the bolt only just the opposite, being a hole in a little chunk of iron, sawed off short, with wrinkles around the inside of the hole."

The startled professor marked that one with an "A".

* * * * *

He was considerably puzzled as to what to do about the cat, when he went on his vacation. Finally he hit upon a bright idea. He left the following note under his neighbor's door: "Dear Mr. Jones: Would you please put out a little food each day for my cat? He will eat almost anything, but don't put yourself out."

Mistaken Identity

Wife (with new fur coat): "You know Oswald, one really cannot help feeling sorry for the poor thing that was skinned for this."

Husband (looking at empty pocketbook): "I appreciate your sympathy, my dear."

* * * * *

Teacher: What are you late for, Jones?

Jones: Why, er... class, I suppose.

* * * * *

First Glue Factory Employee (emerging from factory): "What's that funny smell?"

Second Glue Factory Employee: "Oh, that's the fresh air!"

* * * * *

I think that I shall never be,
As gay as birdies in a tree;
They sing all day in great content,
Without the thought of paying rent.

Mary Jones '38

* * * * *

Teacher: (substitute name): "Why is your examination paper covered with quotation marks?"

Tim: "Out of courtesy to the boy who sat in front of me."

Teacher: "And why all the question marks?"

Tim: "Out of courtesy to the boy who sat behind me."

* * * * *

Mr. Smoyer: "'The cow fell on the ice.' What mood?"

Pupil: "The cow."

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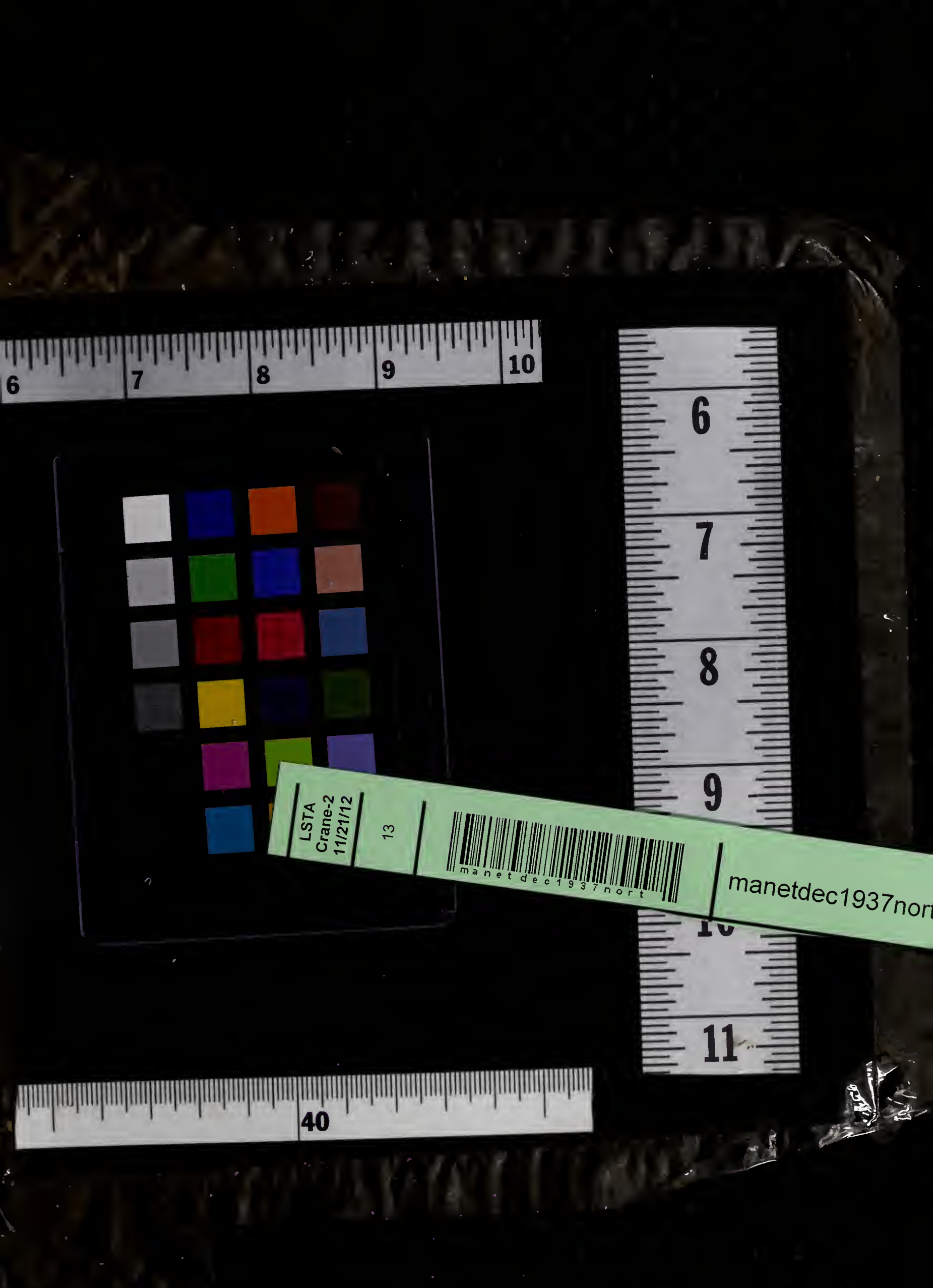
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